



Barlow sculp.

All Alive at PORTSMOUTH

THE
SAILOR'S FESTIVAL:
BEING AN
ELEGANT SELECTION
OF FAVOURITE
SEA SONGS,

LATELY SUNG AT
THE THEATRES-ROYAL, ROYALTY-
THEATRE, VAUXHALL, &c.

WITH A VARIETY OF
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

LONDON:

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SEA SONGS.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas past meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted;
At seven, while taut'ning the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheerly,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary;
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night—
When every true bred tar carouses,
When o'er the grog all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses;

Sea Songs.

Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
Headlong into the foaming ocean ;
Poor wretches they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntless we prepar'd for battle ;
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife
Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At length, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together ;
At seven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd on shore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

Sea Songs.

T O M B O W L I N G :

Or, The Sailor's Epitaph.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
Tom's life has vainly lost,
For though his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and country to give my old friend never fail'd,
And the toast was soon toasts'd off by me.
Billows might dash,
Lightnings might flash,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did put pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a
glass,
Then a broadside we gave her, with three.
Cannons might roar,
Echoes from shore,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT.


POLL, dang it! how do you do?
Nan, won't you g'us a bufs?
Why what's to do wi' you,
Why here's a pretty fufs;
Say, shall we kifs and toy?
I goes to sea no more,
O I'm the sailer boy
For capering a-shore.

Sea Songs.

Father he apprentic'd me
All to a coasting ship,
• I being resolv'd, d'ye see,
To give them all the flip,
I got to Yarmouth fair,
Where I had been before,
So father found me there,
A capering a-shore.

Next out to India
I went a Guinea Pig,
We got to Table-Bay,
But mind a pretty rig;
The ship driving out to sea,
Left me and many more,
All among the Hottentots
A capering a-shore.

I loves a bit of a hop,
Life's ne'er the worser for't,
If in my wake should drop
A fiddle, that's your sort!
Thrice tumble up a-hoy,
Once get the labour o'er,
Then see the sailor boy
A capering a-shore.



Sea Songs.

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

DEAR Nancy I've sailed the world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over;
I've sav'd by my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
I've borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say my sweet girl can you love me?

Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
And, ah! never more see my Nancy;
But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
And bade me such nonsense forget,
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say my sweet girl, &c.

Sea Songs.

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
Constant as purity was she,
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he went to sea.

One fatal morning saw them parting,
While each other's sorrow dry'd,
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant till they dy'd.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves, for love, the frightful storm.

Alas, in vain! the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, opens wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and dy'd.

The 'semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A Tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.

In fervent hope while Anna burning,
Blush'd, as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and dy'd.

Sea Songs.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

COME all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go,
Poll blubbers and cries, devil thank her !
She'll soon take another in tow ;
This breeze like the old one will kick us
About on the boisterous main,
And one day, if death does not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.

CHORUS.

*With a will-ho, then pull away jolly boys,
At the mercy of Fortune we go ;
We're in for't, then damme ! what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, yo-ho.*

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More 'specially when he gets drunk,
The bobstays supplies him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk ;
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks, in a mammoc,
He sold, to buy trinkets for Poll.

Of the purser, this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and provision he sacks,
How he'd look if you was but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks ?

Sea Songs.

O he'd find it another gues's story,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his majesty's honour and glory
Was only just told about that.

The chaplain's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heaven agog,
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
When he's swearing and drinking of grog;
When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Says I, which is the way to heaven now, sir?
Why you dog, cry'd the chaplain, her arms.

The gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The carfindo can't fish a mast,
The surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
The master can't steer if he's aft;
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The mates hardly merit their flip,
Nor is there a swab, but the captain,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.

Now, fore and aft, having abus'd them,
But just for my fancy and rig,
Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
Damme! but I'd tickle his wig;
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke,
And the sign of a true-hearted sailor,
Is to give and to take a good joke.

Sea Songs.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet
anchor,

His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot
canker,

Though dangers around him,
Unite to confound him,

He braves them and tips off his grog.

'Tis grog, only grog,

Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend, in trust,

His prize-money convey,

Who, to his bond of faith unjust,

Cheats him and runs away :

What's to be done ? he vents a curse

'Gainst all false hearts on shore,

Of the remainder clears his purse,

And then to sea for more.

Smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore

To know no other charms,

He finds, when he returns on shore,

Clasp'd in a rival's arms :

What's to be done ? he vents a curse,

And seeks a kinder she,

Sea Songs.

Dance, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.
To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair ;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then,
Smiling grog, &c.



THE MID-WATCH.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main :
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind :
We think, but should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you ;
O, when the fight's begun,
And you're serving at your gun,

Sea Songs.

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear,
That her own true sailor he was one.

BLACK-EYE'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eye'd Susan came on board,
‘ O where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among your crew ?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
The rope slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
‘ O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;

Sea Songs.

Let me kifs off that falling tear !

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

‘ Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They’ll tell thee, sailors when away,
In ev’ry port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

‘ If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di’monds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus ev’ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue,

‘ Tho’ battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho’ cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return ;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.’

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board,
They kifs’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head :
Her lefs’ning boat unwilling row’d to land ;
‘ Adieu !’ she cry’d, and wav’d her lily hand.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

FAREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu !
Can the gale be auspicious that drives me from you ?
Tho' oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul !
As well might my messmates determine to bail
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you :
Farewell to Old England—dear Mary adieu !

Dear Mary, adieu ! can that bark go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the deck ?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd :
Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee ;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm, 'tis his guide and his star ;
'Tis imprest on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales ;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And draws a new hope on his mind with the day ;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn.
And changes adieu ! into—welcome return.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
Each softer joy and ease ;
To distant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boist'rous seas.

His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
Scorns from the foe to run ;
In battle terrors melt away,
As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world,
Britannia's flag would lower ;
Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty pow'r.

But see, Bellona sheathes her sword,
Hush'd is the angry main ;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastes unto his native shore,
Where dwell sweet joy and rest ;
His lovely Susan's smiles implore,
To crown and make him blest.

Now all the toils and dangers past,
And Susan's love remains ;
The honest Tar is blest at last,
Her smiles reward his pains.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MRS. JORDAN.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, fir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
A failor's life for me, fir.

CHORUS.

*Yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, fir.*

What girl but loves the merry tar,
Who o'er the ocean roam, fir;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, fir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, fir;
We make the boasting Frenchman fly,
And bang the haughty Don, fir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd—once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, fir;
And when all's gone, we drown our care
And out again to sea, fir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Sea Songs.

THE ARETHUSA.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, IN LOCK AND KEY.

COME all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honours' mould,
While English glory I unfold,

Huzza to the Arethusa!

She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;

Her men are staunch

To their favourite launch,

And when the foe shall meet our fire,

Sooner than strike we'll all expire,

On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in shew so stout,

Bore down on the Arethusa.

The fam'd Belle-Poole strait a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,

Not a sheet or a tack,

Or a brace did she slack ;

Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how tough,

On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France :

We with two hundred did advance,

On board of the Arethusa.

Sea Songs.

Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !

The Frenchman then cry'd out, hallo !

“ Bear down, d'ye see,

“ To our admiral's lee ;”

“ No, no,” says the Frenchman, “ that can't be :”

“ Then I must lug you along with me,”

Says the faucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,

We forc'd them back upon their strand,

For we fought till not a stick would stand,

Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we have driven the foe ashore,

Never to fight with Britons more,

Let each fill a glass

To his favourite lass ;

A health to our captain, and officers true,

And all that belong to the jovial crew,

On board of the Arethusa.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

THE top fails shiver in the wind,

The ship she casts to sea ;

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,

Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :

For though thy sailor's bound afar,

Still love shall be his leading star.

Sea Songs.

Shou'd landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales :
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry Port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers, and not slaves.
No foes shall ever us subdue,
Altho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls adieu.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

'Twas landlady Meg, that made such rum flip,
Pull away, pull away, hearties,
At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the ship,
Where tars meet in such jolly parties ;

Sea Songs.

She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping,
For she married six husbands and buried them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull,
I say, what d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping.

The first was old Bluff, with a fwinging purse,
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys ;
He was cast away, said Meg who cares a curse,
As for grieving, why Lord that's a folly boys :
The second in command was blear-eye'd Ned,
While the surgeons his limbs were a lopping,
A nine-pounder came and smack'd off his head,
Pull away, &c.
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.

Then she marry'd to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup,
Pull away, pull away, brother,
So groggy Sam got, and the ship it blew up,
And Meg had to look for another :
The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would
smile,
Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
Made his breakfast of Ben on the banks of the
Nile,
Pull away, &c.
What a fortunate Meg of Wapping.

Stay,—who was the fifth? oh! 'twas Dick so neat,
Pull away, pull away, so merry,

Sea Songs.

And the savages Dick both killed and eat,
And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry :
Death again stood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,
He also the grave chanc'd to drop in,
So now with my song I shall soon belay,
Pull away, &c.
The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she married seven,
Pull away, pull away, so neatly,
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heaven,
And her strong box rummaged sweetly ;
For Meg growing old, a fond dotard prov'd,
And must after a boy needs be hopping,
So she popp'd off, and Tom with the girl that he
lov'd,
Pull away, &c.
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee :
The ample cann adorn'd the board,
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the las that he ador'd,
And push'd the grog about.

Sea Songs.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast,
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cry'd little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top-gal'nt sails set she is so tall,
She looks like a first rate;
Ah! wou'd she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cry'd I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy so fine a ship to man,
She is my heart's delight;
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife,
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Peg, Poll, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
'Til summon'd by the empty cann,
They to their hammocks hied;

Sea Songs.

Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge cann was out,
For, in soft vision's gentle sleep,
Still push'd the grog about.

A NEW SONG.


COME sailors be filling the cann,
The wind is beginning to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
Then to weigh anchor must go.
What thousands repair to the strand,
To give us a cheering adieu !
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main top-mast yard,
The sailor is swung to and fro,
Let the tempest blow ever so hard,
He whistles defiance to woe :
The gale can but last for a while,
Is always the boast of the crew,
And then they reflect, with a smile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Tho' battle tremendous appears,
When blood stains the face of the main,
Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,
The sailor's a stranger to pain.

Sea Songs.

The thoughts with what rapture and pride,
Each girl will her hero review,
'Tis this makes him danger deride,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.



SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain ;
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease :
In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole,
Tho' dreadful waves furrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast :
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM. 2

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,
Was tender-hearted, bold and true ;
He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
With e'er a seaman in the crew :
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had fail'd the world all over,
Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,
Yet would he figh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn, when on the shore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave ;
Says he, my love, your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive :
Let fortune smile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,
And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When, lo ! a sail appear'd in view,
And Ned, with many a tar, was slain :
Thus Death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover ;
The tars oft' tell the tale of woe,
And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

Sea Songs.

POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear ;
My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, to sea we stood ;
The land we left behind :
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood ;
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide ;
For five long years I had not seen
My sweet my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,
All for my true love's sake ;
But prefs'd as we were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The prefs-gang bold I ask'd, in vain,
To let me once on shore :
I long'd to see my Poll again,
But saw my Poll no more.

‘ And have they torn my love away ?
‘ And is he gone ?’ she cry'd :
My Poll, the sweetest flower of May,
Then languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

Sea Songs.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

Oh we sail'd to Virginia,
And from thence to Fial ;
Oh we water'd our shipping,
And so we weigh'd all :
Being in view of the sea, boys,
Seven sail we did espy,
Oh we hoisted our top sails
And we sail'd speedily.

The very first we came up withal,
Was a brig and a sloop ;
Oh we ask'd if the other five
Were as big as they did look :
But turning to the windward,
As near as we could lie,
We found them to be French men of war,
A cruizing hard by.

Oh we drew up our squadron
In a very nice line,
And we fought them courageously,
For near four hours time ;
But the day being spent,
And the night coming on,
Oh we let them alone
Until the next morn.

Sea Songs.

Oh the very next morning
The engagement prov'd hot,
When brave Admiral Benbow
Receiv'd a chain shot ;
And when he was wounded,
To his merry men he did say,
Take me up in your arms, boys,
And carry me away.

The guns they did rattle,
And the bullets did fly,
Whilst brave Admiral Benbow
For help aloud did cry :
Carry me down to the cock-pit
There is ease for my smart,
If my merry men should see me,
It would break all their hearts.

Oh the very next morning,
By the break of the day,
Oh we hoisted our top sails,
And so we bore away :
We bore down to Fort-Royal,
Where the people flocked much,
To see brave Admiral Benbow
Carry'd to Kingston-Town Church.

Come all you brave fellows,
Wheresoever you have been,
Let us drink a good health
To our King and our Queen ;

Sea Songs.

And another good health
To the girls that we do know,
And a third in remembrance
Of brave Admiral Benbow.

NEW MARINERS.

You gentlemen of England, who live at home at
ease,

Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the
seas ;

Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly
shew,

All the cares and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us when England is at war
With any foreign nation, we fear no wound or scar ;
Our roaring guns shall teach them our valour for
to know,

Whilst they reel on the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be afraid,
Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall
want a trade :

Our merchants will employ us to bring them wealth
we know ;

Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sea Songs.

REMEMBER JACK.

A favourite Ballad, sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

WHEN scarce a hand-spike high,
Death with old dad made free ;
So what does I do ? Damme !
But I pikes it off to sea.
Says I to sweetheart Poll,—
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and sing, tol de rol lol,
If not—Remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,
The wind wou'd chop and veer,
'Til hard knocks I'd nab'd enough,
On board a privateer :
Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll, I thought, wou'd bid be pack,
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
And 'twas—Pray remember Jack.

I ax't as folks hove by,
And shew'd my wooden pin :
Young girls wou'd sometimes sigh,
And gaping lubbers grin :
I'd vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of coppers small,
So pray remember Jack.

Sea Songs.

One day, my lockers bare,
And togs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd, a bearing down :
'Twas Poll, she look'd so spruce,
What thus, says she, come back !
My tongue forgot its use,
And Pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate ?
She'd shiners fav'd a few ;
Soon I became her mate,
War'nt Poll a sweetheart true ?
Then a friend, I'd serv'd before,
From a long voyage trip'd back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remember'd Jack.

So what tho' I lost my leg,
It seem'd to fortune mend,
And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
My shipmate just come back,
Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
And pray remember Jack.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide ;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost native shore :


No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY SIGNORA STORACE.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh ;
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Sooth them with their lullaby.

In the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry ;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.



BY MR. DIBDIN.

If ever a sailor was fond of good sport,
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I ;
Of all fizes and sorts I'd a wife at each port,
But when that I saw Polly Fry,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gav'd her a kifs,
And swore to bring up once for all ;
And from the time that black Barnaby splic'd us
till this,
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've stood,
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
And a queer set we saw, of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd :

Sea Songs.

Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul ;
Don't you go to love me, my good girl, said I, walk,
I've sworn to be constant to Poll.

I met with a squaw, out at India beyond,
All in glafs and tobacco-pipes drest ;
What a dear pretty monster, so kind and so fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at rest ;
With her bobs at her ears, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartlemy doll :
Says I, you Miss Copperskin just hold your jaw,
For I shall be constant to Poll.

Then one, near Sumatra, just under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play ;
I loves you, says she, and just only be mine,
Or by poison I'll take you away :
Curse your kindness, says I, but you can't frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul ;
If I do take your ratsbane, why then, d'ye see,
I shall die true and constant to Poll.


But I 'scap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each storm ;
And, my neighbours to please, full of wonders
came back,
But what's better, I'm grown pretty warm :
So now to the sea I shall venture no more,
For, you know, being rich, I've no call ;
I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
And live and die constant to Poll.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

FAREWELL my love, the anchor's weigh'd,
I can no longer stay;
But who shall guard my dearest maid,
When I am far away?
When, cold and dark, the angry main
Shall rock the crew to sleep,
And I the lonely station gain,
The midnight watch to keep.

Thy beauteous form, in that drear hour,
Shall soften my distress,
And memory's all-soothing pow'r
Shall make the hardships less.
Then dry thy tears, 'tis all in vain,
Do not thy health destroy;
Nor weep 'til, when we meet again,
Thy tears shall flow for joy.



T H E S T O R M.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea:

Sea Songs.

From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand ;
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee-top-sail sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now, all you, on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms :
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Hark ! again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse :
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Sea Songs.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peals on peals contending clafh ;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash :
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky ;
Different deaths at once furround us,
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck :
Quick the lan-yards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
Plum the well, the leak increafes,
Four feet water's in the hold.


While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! to them there's no retreating,
Alas ! to them there's no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below :
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can fave us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys !
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See, our mizen mast is gone !

Sea Songs.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more :
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
Come—the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives :
Fill it up—about ship wheel it,
Close to lips the brimmer join ;
Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
None—our danger's drown'd in wine.




SUNG BY MR. DARLEY.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the skies,
Yet sailors must not fear.
In storms, in wind,
Their duty mind ;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go,
To reef or steer, as 'tis design'd,
No fears of danger fills the mind.
The signal for the line is made,
The haughty foes in fight ;

Sea Songs.

The bloody flag aloft display'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight.
Each minds his gun,
No dangers shun ;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go :
Though thunders roar, yet still we find,
No fears alarm the seilor's mind.

The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,
The sky is clear again ;
We tofs the cann, to those on shore,
While we are on the main :
To Poll and Sue,
Sincere and true,
The grog goes round,
With pleasure crown'd.
In war or peace, alike you'll find,
That honour fills a sailer's mind.



SUNG IN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

COME, come, my jolly lads,
The wind's abaft ;
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd :
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Haul the boat ;
The boatswain pipes aloud :

Sea Songs.

The ship's unmoor'd ;
All hands on board ;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail ;
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.

CHORUS.

*Then sling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arise—
The girls we prize
Shall blefs each jovial soul :
The cann, boys, bring—
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.*

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again :
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall shew
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

WHEN in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,
Tho' with ardor for conquest our bosoms may glow,
Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they're welcom'd by each British
tar ;

While the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside ! she sinks ! down she
goes !

Quickly man all your boats—they no longer are foes ;
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

SUNG AT SADLER'S WELLS.

I SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,
With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea ;
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea, &c.

G

Sea Songs.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cry'd now be constant to me ;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.

And now, my boys, wou'd you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea ;
Mrs. Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR.

COME let us raise the warlike lay,
Let fame her trump attune,
In glad remembrance of the day,
The glorious First of June :
When British Tars oft' 'ere awhile,
Did new renown obtain,
And bravely prov'd their favor'd Isle
Still mistress of the main.
Triumphant shall our navies plough
The seas from shore to shore,
And France in future times know Howe
To conquer as before.

Sea Songs.

Emerging from his bed of rocks,
Old Neptune eager rose,
Then sternly shook his briny locks,
To view the mighty foes ;
Vain Gallia, cry'd the frowning god,
Detested be their cause,
Who'd rule the world with iron rod,
And break true freedom's laws :
These foaming billows soon shall flow,
Bestain'd with purple gore,
And Frenchmen to their cost know Howe
To conquer as before.

The foe defied this dread decree,
Resolv'd, with naval might,
To win the empire of the sea,
Or perish in the fight :
Tremendous then the battle rag'd,
The waves seem'd all on fire ;
And dauntless ship and ship engag'd,
While fame did each inspire :
Some struck, while others moving slow,
To gain their native shore,
Proclaim that British Tars know Howe
To conquer as before.

Sea Songs.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then, he takes it cheerly;
Blest with a smiling cann of grog,
If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog;
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish,
To heave the lead,
Or to cat head
The pond'rous anchor fish.
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man:
*We sing a little,
And laugh a little,
And work a little,
And swear a little,
And fiddle a little,
And foot it a little,
And swig the flowing cann.*

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger.

Sea Songs.

Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below, we headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high ;
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck,
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief.
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home, a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us ;
Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,
Our amorous toast, her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh.
Our sails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat display,
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey ;
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

Sea Songs.

SUNG BY MR. DARLEY.

THE sea-worn Tar who in the war
No dangers e'er could move,
True to his gun, all hazards run,
Yet thought upon his love ;
But home again, forgets his pain,
And seeks his faithful lass ;
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

The ship safe moor'd, with gold well stor'd,
All dangers now are o'er ;
His timbers tight, his rigging light,
He scuds along the shore,
To seek the place where every grace
Adorns his charming lass ;
Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

In war renown'd, with honour crown'd,
He laughs and sings away ;
Of fore and aft, above, abaft,
He talks from night to day ;
Of red hot balls, and batter'd walls,
To entertain his lass :
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY the benevolent never know poverty.
A good voyage, a quick return, and a kind reception.
A bumper to Britannia, the army, and navy.
May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of
laurel to adorn it.
A rich cargo, fair weather, and hearty messmates.
May the jolly Tar that has lost an eye in the service
never see distress with the other.
May our laws guard our liberties, and never be
depraved by oppression.
The girl we love and the friend we dare trust.
May hemp bind those whom honour can't.
Freedom to those who dare contend for it.
Riches to those whose hearts are liberal.
Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
May friendship be enliven'd by good-humour, but
never wounded by wit.
Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.
May a good polish'd heart always make amends for a
rough countenance.
May reason be enthroned a supreme monarch, and
our passions subject to its laws.
A generous heart and a miser's fortune.

Toasts and Sentiments.

Calmness in a storm, courage in a fight, a worthy commander, and an enemy that it will be a glory to conquer.

Honest men and pretty women.

May no son of the ocean ever be devour'd by his mother.

Love for love, a bottle, and a kind mistress.

Sunshine and good-humour all the world over.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good-humour.

Palsy to the hand of the assassin.

Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and fortitude on the waves.

Friendship in a palace, and falsehood in a dungeon.

Health to the sick, honour to the brave, riches to the poor, and freedom to the slave.

Humility in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.

May the frowns of avarice never disfigure the face of a Briton.

Cheerfulness, content, and competency.

Confusion to the minions of vice.

Dignity without pride, and condescension without meanness.

May Britons never want a home.

Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to the hearts, and concord to the heads, of all who fight for Great-Britain.

F I N I S.



